S 1547

A

MONODY

On the DEATH of

GENERAL WOLFE.

(Price One Shilling.)

M O N O G R A P H

on the GENUS

GENISTA WOLLE.

(Price One Shilling.)

A

MONODY

On the DEATH of

Major-Genl. JAMES WOLFE.

To which is added,

Some Particulars of his LIFE.

O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain,
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan ſwain,
Or melting words, and moving numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mournful muſe,
Then might I raiſe my voice (ſecure of ſkill)
And with melodious wo the vallies fill.

CONGREVE.

LONDON:

Printed for M. THRUSH, at the King's Arms, in Saliſbury-Court, Fleet-Street, MDCCLIX.

TO

MRS. WOLFE,

MOTHER of that Intripid and Enterprising HERO

GENERAL WOLFE,

THIS

MONODY is most humbly dedicated

By Her

Most obliged, and

Most obedient Servant,

GATTON,
Nov. 2. 1759.

The AUTHOR.

A

MONODY.

AS late Britannia o'er the nodding wave
Proclaim'd her empire, and her bulwarks brave
The hoſtile force of Gallia's lifted arm,
Fair Vict'ry crowns her, and her foes diſarm,
This truth ſhe feels; for this let Albion mourn,
" And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."*

In

* CONGREVE.

In Virtue's liſt, behold the Hero ſtand,
The firſt and foremoſt in the rolls of Fame;
Nor foe, nor precipice, his arm oppoſe,
Alike they dread, alike revere his name.

Prone to reſpect Britannia waves her hand,
And guardian angels the glad ſignal wait;
She ſignals WOLFE upon the hoſtile ſtrand,
And bids them ſtill retain their wonted charge.

But, O ye pow'rs! —— O whither did ye fly?
Could ye forget from whence your mandate ſprung?
Could ye forget 'twas WOLFE you had in charge?
How could ye let him fall, and fall unſung?

Virtue and Honour has a patron loſt,
Britain a patron dear,
Their riſing hopes, how croſs'd!
Her vitals pluck'd, how near!

Riſe Edward, Henry, Marlbro', riſe,
Shake off the ghaſtly ſhroud,
And join with plaintive eyes
The mourning multitude.

Ah, mourn Britannia, mourn,
In ſable deck the throne;
Come, ſanctify his urn,
And make him all thy own:

He once was thine, for thee he fell
In glorious battle fled
To heav'n, and bade the angels tell,
He's number'd with the dead.

Accept ye manes this gen'rous lay,
Let Iris to the tomb convey,
And read 'em o'er and o'er;
With laurels wreath the ſacred ſhrine,
Immortal ivy round it twine,
Tell Gallia, WOLFE's no more!

She hears and feels a gen'rous woe,
Tho' Victory crown'd his death;
Yet, ſtill can Gallia mourn a foe,
And weep his lateſt breath.

O WOLFE! untimely loſt!
Yon' manſions of eternal day,
Since HOWE * was ſnatch'd away
Have not beheld ſo fair a ghoſt.

---

* The Lord Vicount GEORGE AUGUSTUS HOWE, who was ſlain in a ſkirmiſh near Ticonderago, the ſixth day of July 1759.

While we remain in Albion's favour'd land,
Our conſtant theme be thy victorious hand;
Nor Time, nor Death, thy mem'ry ſhall eraſe,
The Btitiſh annals ſhall record thy praiſe.

Some

SOME

PARTICULARS

IN THE

LIFE of Major General WOLFE.

THE late MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE was born at Weſterham in Kent, in the year 1726. He entered upon his military life in 1740, when he ſhould have gone with his Father in the expedition to Carthagena, but being ſuddenly took ill, was prevented.

At ſcarce twenty, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the battle of Fontenoy, where he drew encomiums on his admirable conduct from His Royal Highneſs. He was preſent in almoſt every other action, during the whole war, and every where gave proofs of military genius.

At the end of the war, he was made lieutenant-colonel of Kingſley's regiment, which he formed and diſciplined. This regiment particularly diſtinguiſhed itſelf in the late battle at Minden —— indiſputably owing to the tuition of Mr. WOLFE.

In One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-ſeven, he was promoted. In the expedition to Rochfort he embarked. —— Here he offered to land, not deſiring to know the enemy's numbers, *but if there were any*, where were they?

In

In the Expedition to Louisbourg, he was ſecond in command; and here he DID what he would have done at Rochfort. The ſenior officer had the honour of obtaining this valuable acquiſition; but truly the gallant WOLFE deſerved it. He landed on a ſhore which the enemy thought was inacceſſible; and he gained the ſummit of a precipice, they thought inſurmountable.

Thus was Cape Breton taken by the intrepidity and heroic ardour of General WOLFE.

No ſooner was he returned from this important conqueſt, than he was ordered to command the expedition to Quebec. Here ſhone all his illuſtrious qualities, through a multitude of difficulties.

The ſuperiority of the enemy's numbers, the ſtrength and ſituation of the place, added to his own ill ſtate of health, might have diſheartened the braveſt general from undertaking ſo momentuous an enterprize. But Wolfe knowing the Service of his country demanded all his diligence, uſed every ſtratagem of war to force the enemy from their entrenchments; which not having the deſired effect, *he*, ALONE, *ſingly in opinion*, formed that noble reſolution to land.

Another precipice, like another Louisbourg, preſented itſelf to him. He was the firſt who endeavoured to gain its ſummit; with difficulty he accompliſhed this arduous attempt by the help of the graſs, boughs, &c. his men followed the noble example, and he aſſiſted them one by one.

What

What he did afterwards needs here no recounting, ſince it is recent in all our memories. But let it be remembered to lateſt poſterity, that when he received a ball in his wriſt, he only wrapped up the wound in his hankerchief, and continued on the field of battle; and ſoon after another went through his body, which neceſſitated him to be carried off. When in the laſt agonies of expiring life, he heard the chearful ſound *they run!* he cried with emulation, WHO RUN? and being told the enemy, he ſaid, THEN THANK GOD I DIE CONTENTED, and died immediately.

So lived and died the Conqueror of CANADA.

Nat. 11. Jan. 1726. Ob. 13. Sep. 1759.

CHA-

HIS

CHARACTER.

MAJOR General WOLFE ſcarce needs an higher encomium than the public opinion.

He was one of thoſe few generals that never gave his country cauſe of complaint,—*but by his death.*

He was one of thoſe intrepid heroes that ſought to brave every danger where the ſervice of his country called him.

And he was one of thoſe deliberate officers that well-weighed the nature of his enterprize, his enemy's poſition and numbers, and regulated every Manœvre by that penetration he ſo happily acquired from nature.

His

His country has cauſe to mourn the loſs of ſuch a friend, and the army ſuch a chief.

Still in the Britiſh annals it will be ſaid, "He "fell covered with laurels, in the arms of victory; "green in age, but ripe in glory."

FINIS.

Erratum. Page 9 line 2. for Patron, read Patriot.